

Who Killed Cock Robin/I Won't Marry at All

Who Killed Cock Robin

AFS 1612 B1

"Who killed Cock Robin? Who killed Cock Robin?" "I," said the Sparrow, "with my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin."

"Who'll dig his grave? Who'll dig his grave?" "I" said the Crow, "with my pick and hoe, And I'll dig his grave."

"Who'll preach his funeral? Who'll preach his funeral?" "I" said the Hawk "for I can scream and squawk, I'll preach his funeral."

"Who'll sing his praises? Who'll sing his praises?" "I" said Canary, "but why all the hurry? I'll sing his praises."

"Who'll be the mourners? Who'll be the mourners?" "Mr. Dog" said the Owl "for he can bark and howl, And I'll help him out sir."

I Won't Marry at All

AFS 1612 B2

I used to have a sweetheart dear, And I was most happy when he was near. But one day he pierced my heart with a spear, So now I'll not marry at all.

So, I'll not marry at all, at all, I'll not marry at all, at all, I'll not marry at all, at all, I'll not marry at all.

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No other in this whole wide world, Can enter the heart of this little girl. I've locked the door and my banner's unfurled, So, I'll not marry at all.

A rich man I will never have, He's greedy and tight always needs much ???. He's never at home always at conclave, So I will not marry at all.

So I'll take my stool and sit in the shade, There I'll live and die an old maid. For I'll not marry at all, at all, I'll not marry at all.

A doctor too is always gone, Attending to duty his same old song. He is always right and I'm always wrong, So I'll not marry at all.

The lawyer's always after gold, Will set orphan, widows out in the cold. He's merciless says, "The law he'll uphold," So I'll not marry at all.

So I'll take my stool and sit in the shade, There I'll live and die an old maid. For I'll not marry at all, at all, And I'll not marry at all.

The grocer, butcher gives short weight, Farmer's milk his thirst he takes water straight. The clergy forgets love and preaches hate, So I'll not marry at all.

I'll take my stool and sit in the shade, There I'll live and die an old maid. For I'll not marry at all, at all, I'll not marry at all.

The saloonist is a funny old boy, ??? he gathers with songs of joy. But no man for me, they would just annoy, So I'll not marry at all.

So I'll take my stool and sit in the shade, There I'll live and die an old maid. For I won't marry at all, at all, And I won't marry at all.